

Sea Moonlight

I woke, and there was moonlight on the sea
A silver blaze of moonlight, sea to shore.
It stretched like some untarnished flood of brightness
Inviolable against the midnight roar
Of wave on wave, and wave on rock and timber
My heart beat like a bird caught in a net,
All ancient dreaming, ghost-like, rose to haunt me,
All age-old longings shrouded in regret.

(See how the tide has sucked the moonlight under
Stark are the rocks and drenched in silver tears,
Bubbles the brackish water on the moorings
Plashing on piles and weedy darkened weirs.)

Now must the heart of man cut loose its tender
Steering a path straight for the open sea
What if he finds no harbour, ever after
Who for one summer midnight ... found him free?

Previously published in *Saturday Night*

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